WAR AND FIGHTING MEN
FRONTLINE COMBAT
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
No. 15
JAN.
LN
10¢
EVERYBODY UP! THE BOMBARDMENT IS OVER!... HERE THEY COME!
WOOD

WAR AND FIGHTING MEN
FRONTLINE COMBAT
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 15
JAN.
10¢
EVERYBODY UP! THE BOMBARDMENT IS OVER!... HERE THEY COME!

GADZOOKS! MY JOY KNOWS NO BOUNDS! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB MEMBERSHIP KIT WHICH INCLUDES A FULL COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, AN ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN. SO WHAT!

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*, *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

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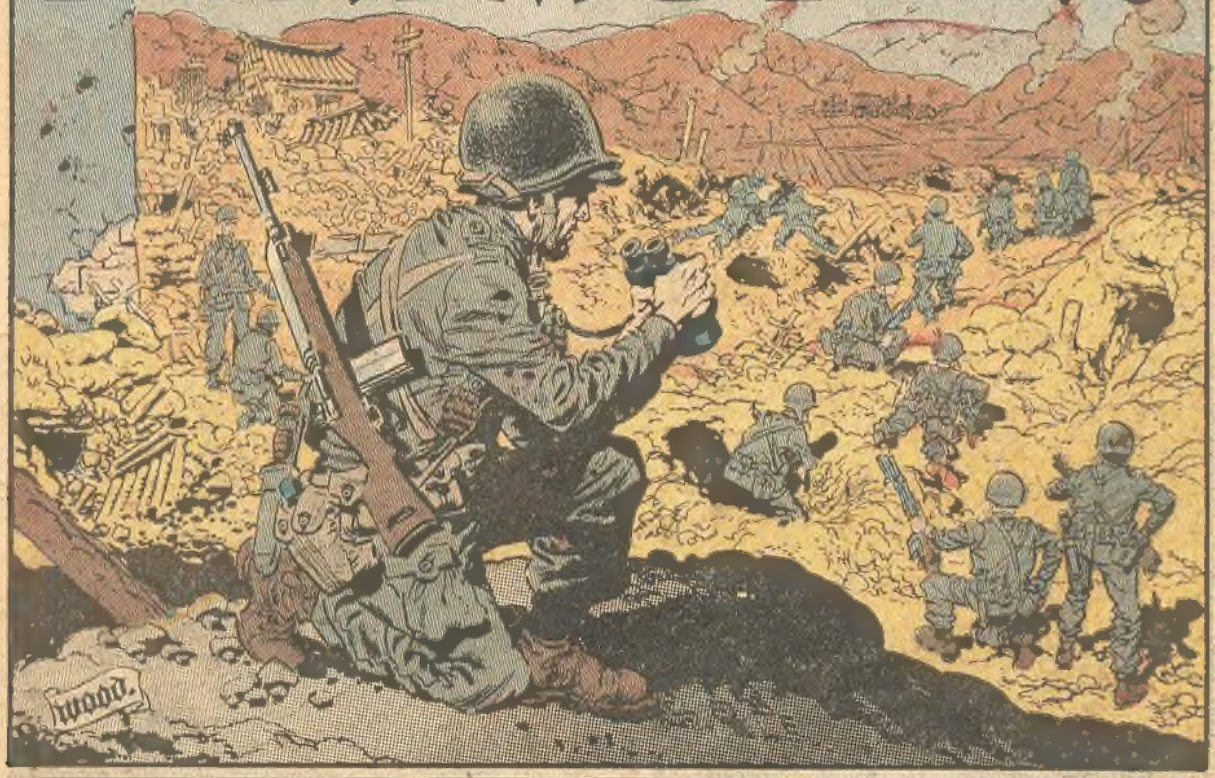
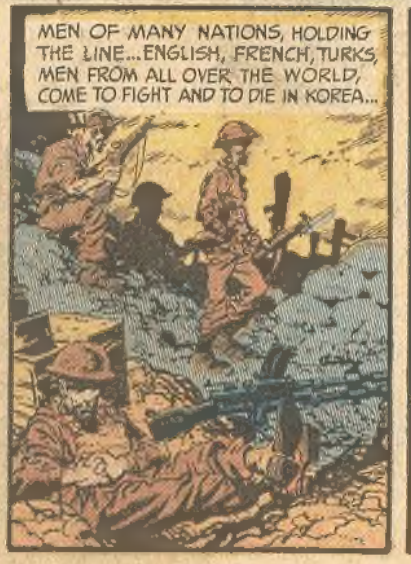
IT IS A SUNNY DAY IN KOREA. THE SOUNDS OF WAR ARE DISTANT NOW... THE MUFFLED THUNDER OF ARTILLERY, THE WHISTLING OF A FAST JET GOING OVER, CARRYING WAR TO THE ENEMY...AND DOWN ON THE STEAMING EARTH A HANDFUL OF TIRED MEN CRAWL OUT OF THEIR HOLES ON THE...

PERIMETER!

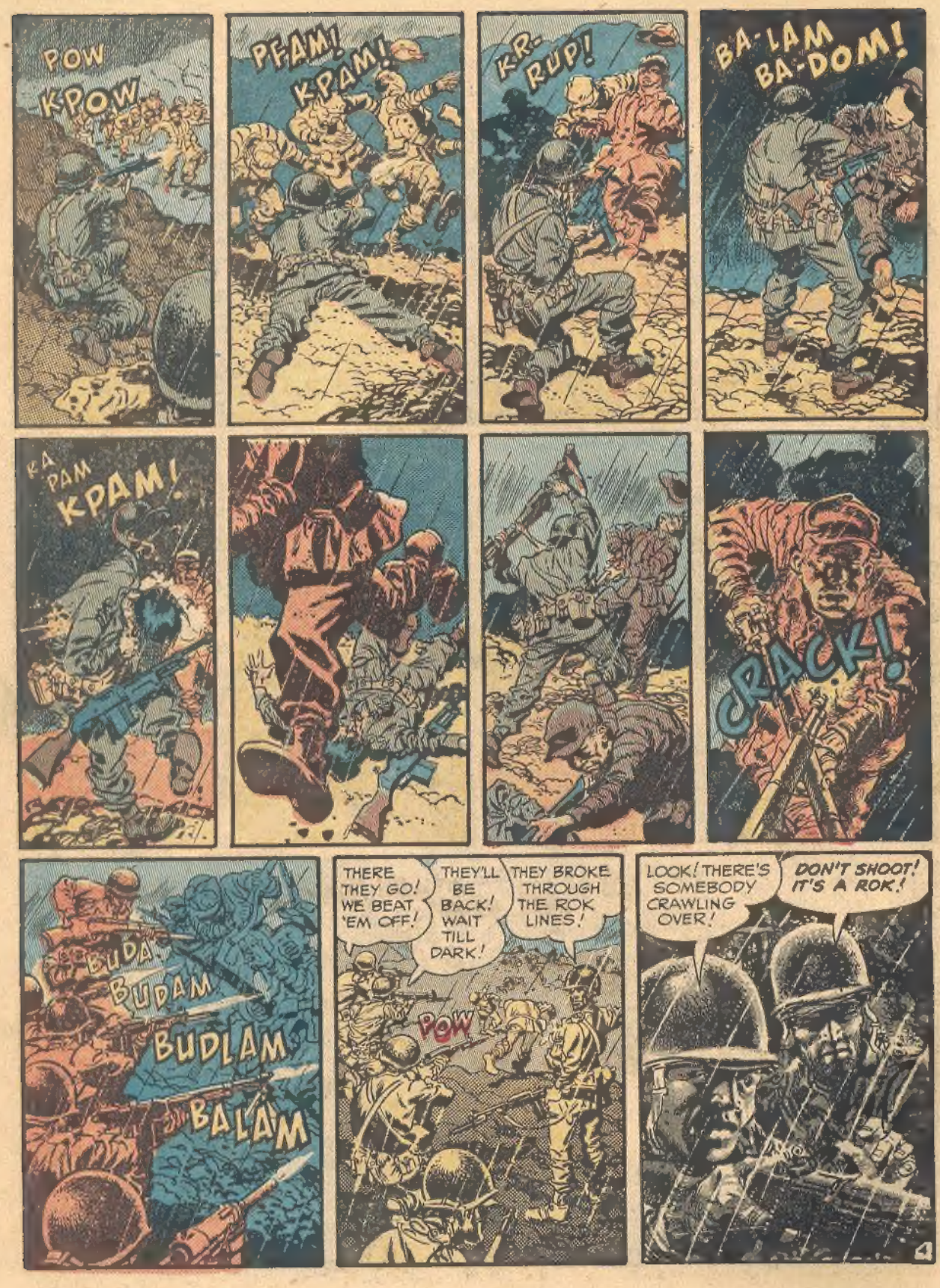




AMERICANS, A MIXTURE OF ALL THE NATIONALITIES AND RACIAL ORIGINS IN THE WORLD, ALL WISHING THEY WERE HOME, BUT DOING THEIR JOB.

THEY ARE WEARY MEN... WEARY OF WAR, OF BEING COLD AND HUNGRY, OF BEING AFRAID...WEARY OF THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF DEATH...
I'M SICK, I TELL YA! I SHOULDA BEEN SENT BACK MONTHS AGO! HEY, TEX, WHEN D'YA THINK I'LL GET SENT BACK?
EVERYBODY'S SICK, MILLER! I'M SICK OF YOU WHINING. WHAT YOU SICK OF?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M SICK OF! I'M SICK OF KOREA! WHAT WE DOIN' HERE? WHY ARE WE FIGHTIN' THESE GOOKS...
THEY'RE KOREANS, MILLER, KOREANS!
AAH YA BOTHER ME, MATTHEWS! GO READ YER BIBLE!
I'LL BOTHER YOU! IF HAN AND HIS ROKS HEARD YOU, WHAT WOULD THEY THINK...
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU SOLDIERS! SAVE IT FOR THE ENEMY!
@#%&!# NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE IN MIXED OUTFITS...
YEAH — YOU'D TRADE ALLA US FOR ONE SQUAD OF REBS, HUH, SARGE?
LOOK — YOU'RE A SOUTHERNER! YOU HATE 'EM TOO! WHAT Y' SO SORE AT ME ABOUT? I ONLY SAID...
LET'S GO, BOY! LET'S GET UP ON THE LINE!
OH, FOR TH' LUVVA PETE! RAIN! WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE!
NYAH!... THE SERGEANT DON'T SAY NOTHING, BUT I KNOW WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THEM @#%&*@#! ...LOOK AT THAT MATTHEWS ...READING A BIBLE!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW! NO REINFORCEMENTS, NO SUPPLIES, AND NOW NO AIR SUPPORT!
LISTEN! YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
7

THEY'RE MOVIN', ALL RIGHT — HEAR 'EM? WHAT THEY YELLING ABOUT?
MATTHEWS! GET YOUR NOSE OUT OF THAT BOOK! GO GIT, HAN! SEE IF HE C'N MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...
YOU MEN! WHEN THEY CHARGE, WATCH THE AMMO! DON'T WASTE A ROUND!
HOLD THE LINE, BUT DON'T WASTE A ROUND! WHY? WHY WE DOIN' IT? WHY ARE WE HERE?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP! HAN, YOU HEAR WHAT THEY'RE YELLING?
NO, SERGEANT! THAT'S CHINESE, BUT IT'S TROUBLE! HEAR THOSE BUGLES?
OKAY! BETTER GET BACK TO YOUR SQUAD...
RIGHT! GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!
LOUSY RAIN! THEY'LL BE ON US BEFORE WE SEE 'EM!
OH, OH! MORTAR FIRE! HEADS DOWN!
K-K-RUMP
K-R-
ROMF
IT'S STOPPED!
HERE THEY COME!
LOOK! IT'S THE WHOLE CHINESE ARMY!
HAI! HAI! EEEEEEEEEEE AAAAAAAAAA HAIEE
TAC TAC
POW
TAC
POW
CRAK


POW
KPOW
PFAM!
KPAM!
KR-
RUP!
BA-LAM
BA-DOM!
KA
PAM
KPAM!
CRACK!
BUDA
BUDAM
BUDLAM
BALAM
THERE THEY GO! WE BEAT 'EM OFF!
THEY'LL BE BACK! WAIT TILL DARK!
THEY BROKE THROUGH THE ROK LINES!
POW
LOOK! THERE'S SOMEBODY CRAWLING OVER!
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S A ROK!
4

SERGEANT! THEY WIPED 'EM OUT... KILLED THE WOUNDED!
HOW ABOUT HAN? THEY GET HIM TOO?
HE WAS WOUNDED. I SAW IT! HE WAS LYING THERE AND A CHINESE SPRAYED HIM WITH A BURP GUN!
HEAR THAT, YOU MEN? DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT GIVIN' UP! THEY'RE NOT TAKING PRISONERS!
SERGEANT, MILLER IS CRACKING UP! HE'S HYSTERICAL...
IT'S GETTING DARK! THEY'LL FINISH US THIS TIME --? SOB? WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE HERE!
RELAX, MILLER! IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, FELLA!
YEAH? THEN HOW COME YOU'RE ALWAYS READING THAT BIBLE? YOU KNOW WE'RE GONNA DIE!
THAT'S ENOUGH, SOLDIER! MATT'S BOOK TELLS HIM WHY WE'RE HERE!
YEAH? AND DOES HIS BOOK TELL HIM YOU'LL ACCEPT HIM IF WE GET BACK? DOES IT TELL HIM HE...
ALL RIGHT! AT EASE, MILLER!
*#@☆! REBEL GETS THREE STRIPES AND HE THINKS HE'S A GENERAL!
WHAT WAS THAT, MILLER?
DOWN, FELLAS! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
KA BLOWM
KER-
ROMPF
KROOMP
5

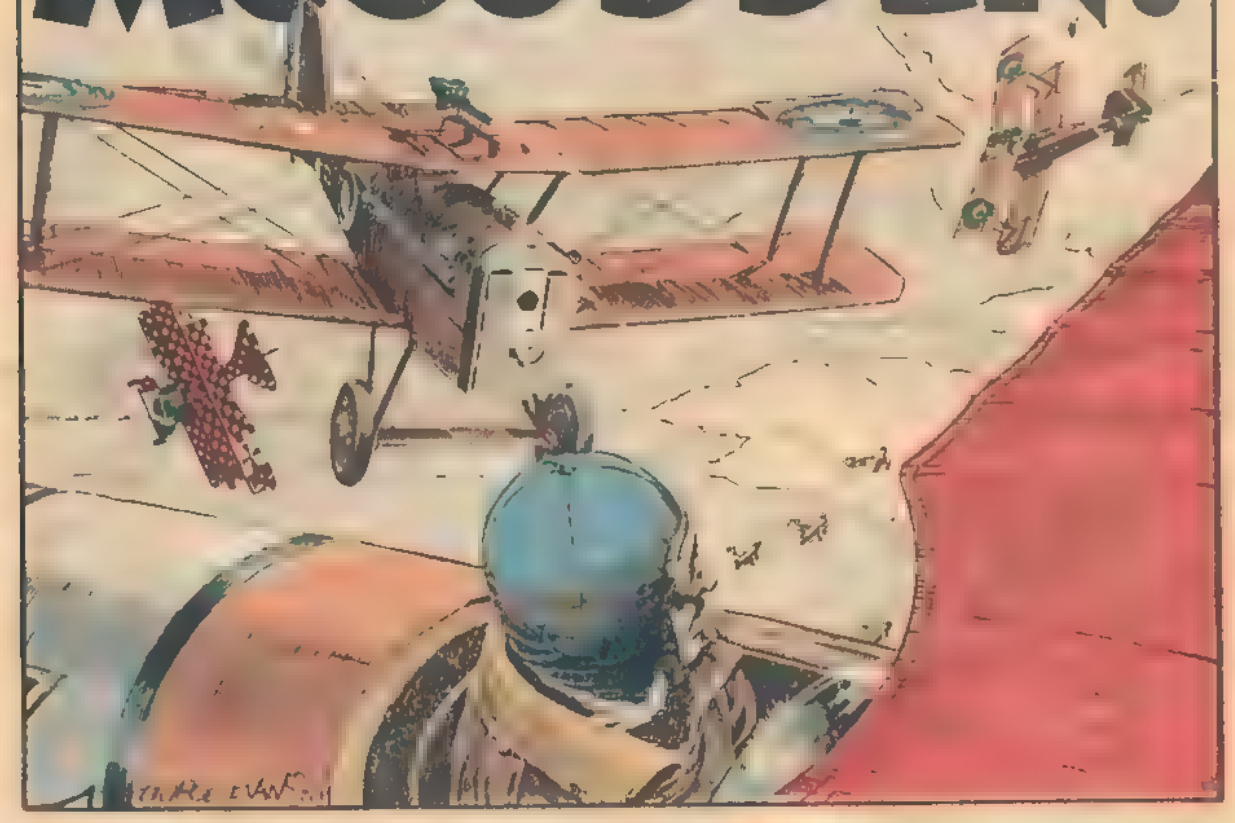
THE TIRED MEN DIVE FOR COVER AGAIN AS THE EARTH ERUPTS ABOUT THEM UNDER THE FURY OF THE MORTAR BOMBARDMENT..
KRUMF
A MAN IS HIT! HIS SCREAM OF PAIN IS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF THE BURSTING SHELL...
BOOM
AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN, THE BARRAGE ENDS, AND THE MEN PREPARE DESPERATELY TO FACE THE ENEMY ASSAULT...
THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE PRESSURE IS TOO GREAT! THE LINE WAVERS...THEN BREAKS! A FEW MEN MAN THE GUNS AS THE OTHERS RETREAT...
THEN COMPLETE ROUT! A HANDFUL OF MEN FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES, LEAVING BEHIND ONE POCKET OF RESISTANCE... ONE LONE SERGEANT AND A B.A.R.!
BLAM BUDLAM
ONE SOLDIER, NOW COMPLETELY CUT OFF, WAITING FOR THE PROBING ENEMY TO FIND HIS POSITION...
ALL AROUND HIM ARE THE SOUNDS OF THE ENEMY, AND BEFORE HIM ANOTHER SOUND... THE SOUND OF A MAN IN PAIN!
A MAN CRYING OUT FOR HELP... CRYING OUT... IN ENGLISH! TEX QUIETLY MOVES OUT TOWARD THE SOUND...
6

WHERE ARE YOU, SOLDIER? ...AH!... GIMME YOUR HAND!
...LEAVE ME... M'DONE...
DON'T TALK FOOLISH! LE'S GO, NOW! I GOT TO GET YOU BACK!
...DONE... HERE... SEND THIS... MY FOLKS...
I'LL GET YOU BACK, SOLDIER!... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP!... CAN'T SEE A THING IN THE DARK HERE!
AND THEN TEX AND HIS BURDEN ARE SPOTTED! HE COVERS THE LAST FEW FEET TO HIS POSITION IN ONE DESPERATE LUNGE...
TAC TAC
KPOW KPOW
ALL THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT TEX HOLDS HIS POSITION! TIME AFTER TIME, PARTIES OF CHINESE AND NORTH KOREANS FIND HIM...
BDOM BDOM
AND TIME AFTER TIME THEY ARE REPULSED! THEY COME IN SUDDENLY... SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY... FROM ALL SIDES...
BLOM BA-DOM!
FOR A TIME HIS MURDEROUS FIRE HOLDS THEM OFF! FIRST HE EXHAUSTS THE AMMO OF THE B.A.R....THEN OF HIS CARBINE...
BR-RUP!
...AND FINALLY THE FIGHTING BECOMES HAND-TO-HAND! BUT BY NOW THE GLOW OF DAWN TOUCHES THE SKY TO THE EAST...
AND THE NEW DAY DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR. TEX GREETS THE SUN, AND HE KNOWS THAT IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT...

MAN! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL! WHERE'S A MEDIC? THERE'S ONE OF OUR BOYS WOUNDED'..I SHOVED HIM IN THE GULLY!
HEY. LOOKA THIS! TEX BROUGHT A BAD SHAPE,
UP FOR DEAD! LOOK STACK OF
IS THAT WHY YOU STAYED, SAVE HIM?
TEX! YOU KNOW WHO YOU RISKED YOUR NECK FOR? WHEN I TELL YOU...
...YOU STAYED OUT THERE IN THE DARK TO RESCUE MATT!... YOU STAYED OUT THERE TO SAVE A BOY!
ANYONE ELSE AROUND HERE!
Have we not all one father
Hath not one God created us
Holy Bible
A

FROM BUGLE BOY TO MAJOR! FROM GUARDHOUSE TO THE VICTORIA CROSS! THE PATH . A METEOR JOURNEY THROUGH THE BLAZING SKIES OF FRANCE SALUTE, ACES, FOR THAT'S THE SAGA OF MAJOR JIMMY. JAMES THOMAS BYFORD

McCUDDEN!



HE HAD BEGUN AS A B[illegible] BOY IN THE ENGINEERS... BUT THE SKY WA[illegible] DREAM AND IN MAY '93 [illegible]

HE WAS [illegible] BE A BIG MAN [illegible] BE. FIRST START [illegible]

JIMMY SPENT ALL MORNING GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF STARTING AN AIRCRAFT ENGINE! HARD WORK!...

BUT HE KEPT AT IT... OVER AND OVER AND OVER... UNTIL MESS CALL CAME AT LAST...

AFTER LUNCH HE WAS RIGHT BACK TO IT, BECAUSE THE SERGEANT STILL HADN'T HOLLERED QUIT...

BUT WHILE JIMMY WAS AWAY, SOME PLAYFUL SOUL HAD OPENED THE SWITCH! WHEN HE PULLED IT THROUGH, THE WELL-PRIMED ENGINE CAUGHT!...

FRANTICALLY HE THREW HIMSELF FLAT! THE OLD BLERIOT JUMPED HER BLOCKS... ROLLED OVER HIM WITH A FIENDISH ROAR...

THERE WAS A BRIGHT NEW FARMAN STANDING ON THE LINE. OLD LADY BLERIOT TOOK THE OBVIOUS COURSE!

A GOOD [illegible] SELDOM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS BUT *THIS* ONE WAS! HE JUST BECKONED!

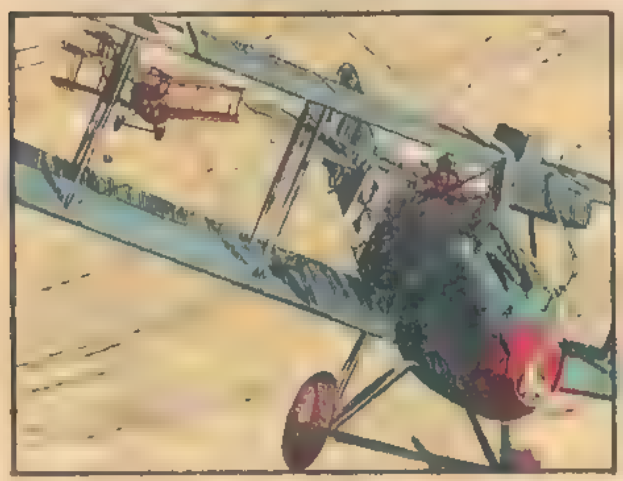
JIMMY'S FIRST 'AWARD' WAS A 7-DAY STRETCH IN THE JUG... A JEERIN SALUTE BY HIS MATES..

AUGUST 1914. **WAR!** JIMMY WAS AN OBSERVER NOW. HE FLEW WHEN ALL ONE COULD DO WAS **WAVE** TO THE BOCHE

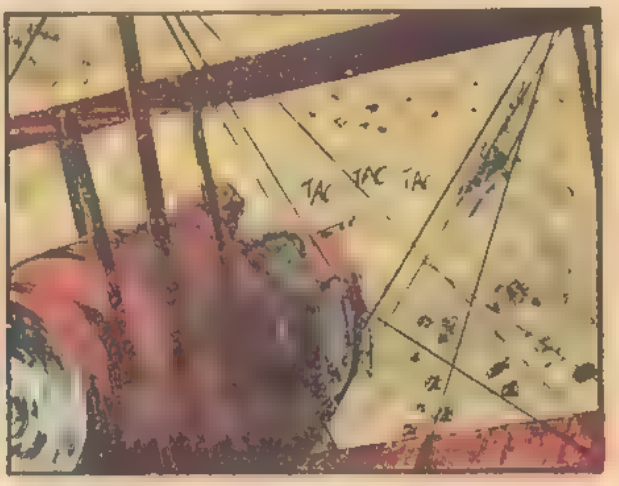
WHEN MACHINE GUNS CAME INTO USE HE FOUGHT THREE AIR DUELS TO A DRAW WITH THE GREAT *IMMELMAN!*

HIS SKILL AND COURAGE WON HIM PILOT-TRAINING, AND SOON HE WAS PUSHING AN OLD BUS INTO THE THICK OF THE AIR WAR

THEN IN AUGUST '16 HE MADE SCOUTS AND HIS FIERY STAR BEGAN TO SOAR. VICTORY NO. 1 CAME IN LESS THAN A MONTH. A JERRY 2-SEATER THAT FLED LIKE A SQUAWKING HEN...



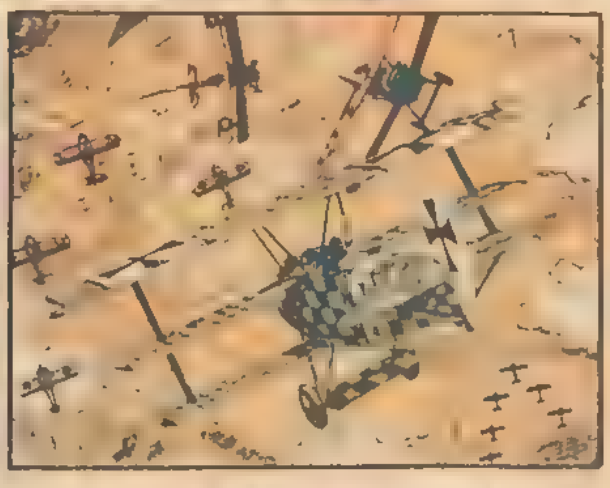
MCCUDDEN WAS NEVER AFTER THAT COULDN'T CLOSE IN ON THE HEAVIER MACHINE. IN ANGRY DESPERATION HE OPENED UP AT LONG RANGE



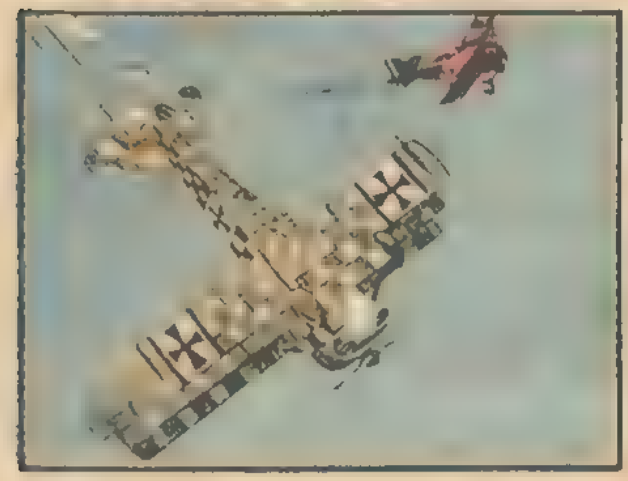
TWO RACKETING GUNS. THE LAST ONE GOING FAST. SUDDENLY THE GERMAN REELED AND RAN. **CRASHED!**

EIGHT DAYS LATER HE LAUNCHED AN ATTACK ON A ZERSTOERER AND BLASTED IT OUT OF CONTROL FOR VICTORY NO. 5. HE WAS...

THE MARCH TO GLORY WAS ON. SOON HE HAD WON THE D.S.O., A CAPTAINCY AND FLIGHT LEADERSHIP WITH FAMOUS 56 SQ.

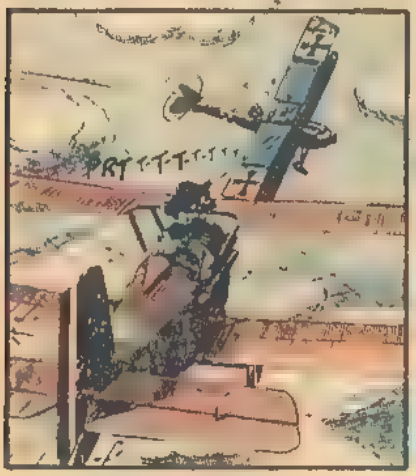


WERNER VOSS'

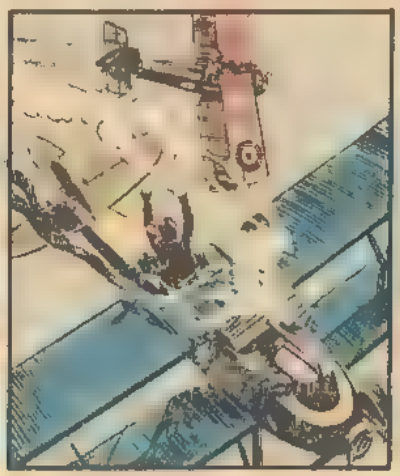


HE WAS CITED IN ORDERS AGAIN AND AGAIN HE WON A BAR FOR HIS D S O RECOGNITION FOR 'AT ALL TIMES PROTECTING OTHERS IN HIS FLIGHTS'

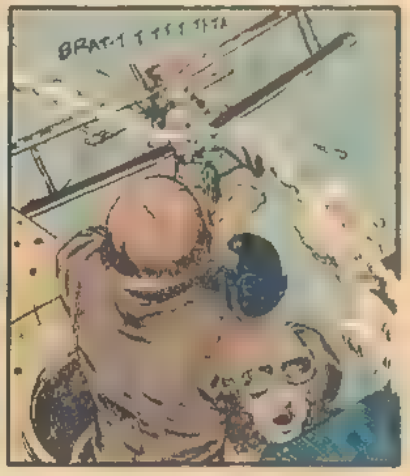
THOUGH ALREADY FAMOUS HE WAS ONLY BEGINNING TO MOVE! TAKE DEC 24 1917 HE CAUGHT AN L V G OVER ANGUL COURT.



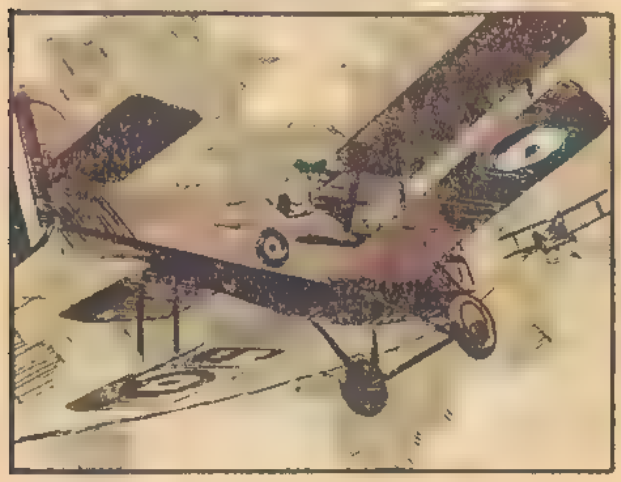
HIS OPENING BURST SHATTERED HER COOLING SYSTEM BELCHING STEAM SHE STARTED DOWN HE WANTED T WHOLE.



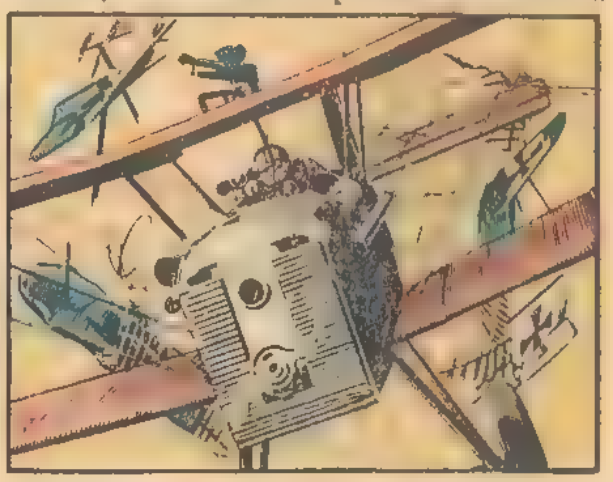
SHE SEEMED TO HAVE QU T THEN AS HE SWEPT N CLOSE THE OBSERVER W RLED AND OPENED UP F RO M SHOT DOWN



BACK AT 18 000, HE SPOTTED A RUMPLER CAMERA-SHIP IT DIVED N FRANT C ALARM BUT AN S E 5 WAS FAST AND TOUGH AND HE STAYED R GHT WITH IT GUNS SAWING



TWO M LES DOWN THE YAWN NG SKY THEY HOWLED AND THEN McCUDDEN S BULLETS SCORED. HER W NGS SHATTERED, THE DEBRIS, ALMOST WRECK NG HIM AS HE HAMMERED ON THROUGH!



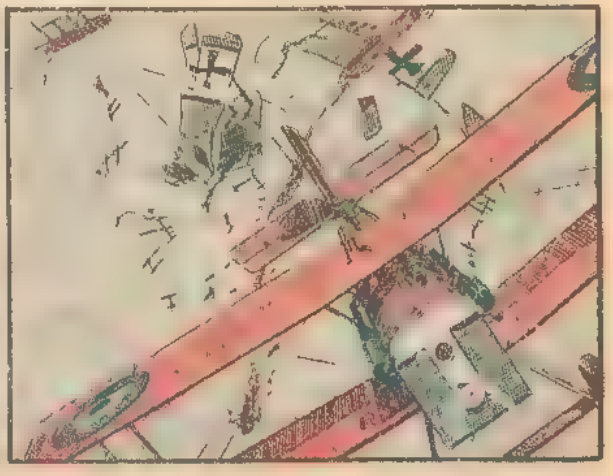
TWO DOWN AND 7 000 FEET OVER GONZA COURT, HE GOT A THIRD AN L V G IN A BULL'S RUSH THEN HE HAD TO GO HOME FOR F E. AND AMMO

UP AGAIN HE CAUGHT ANOTHER L V G OVER FRESCAULT ONE CRACKLING BURST F NISHED T HIS FOURTH IN A DAY ***THE 'HAT TRICK'!***

HE WON THE MILITARY CROSS THE NEWSPAPERS DOTED ON HIM HIS EXPLOITS WERE RETOLD EVERYWHERE ..

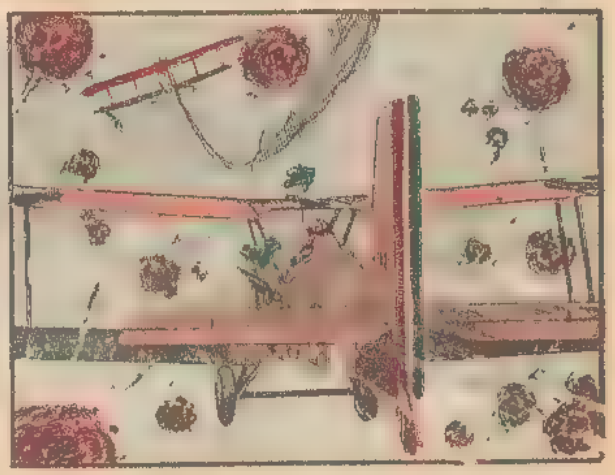
NOW THAT HE KNEW THE HAT TR K HE PULLED T AGA N JUST FIVE DAYS LATER ' AT A FREEZING 16 000 FEET OVER VEL WOOD HE CAUGHT A COCKY RUMPLER

THE OBSERVER SPOTTED H M POUNDED OUT A PARA BELLUM GREETING ! BUT MCCUDDEN S SLUGS SHATTERED HER W NGS AND THE FUSELAGE SMOKED A LONELY ROCKET TRAIL TO ETERN TY '



STILL PROWL NG THE ROOF HE FOUND ANOTHER HIGH FLYING RUMP OVER FLERS, A HEADLONG RUSH, GUNS RACKET NG AND THE RUMPLER SPUN AWAY DOOMED NUMBER TWO '

AT OVER NEAN HE CAUGHT AN LVG ABOVE HAVRINCOURT ALERT T FLED N A LONG FAST DIVE HE COULDN T CLOSE IN AND HUN ACK ACK PLAYED H M W TH A HAIL OF SHRAPNEL .



BUT HE WAS THE K ND WHO NEVER QU T ERCE ON THROUGH, POUNDING T AT LONG RANGE, AT 9 000 T BLEW INTO F FTY SECONDS

NO 4 WAS AN EASY ONE MCCUDDEN S GUNS JAMMED BUT THE LEWIS WAS ENOUGH SPEWING SMOKE AND STEAM SHE FELL

THUS McCUDDEN SCORED 58 VICTORIES. TOPS AT THE TIME! AND HIS COUNTRY BROUGHT HIM HOME FOR YET ANOTHER AWARD THE V.C.!

THE *VICTORIA CROSS!* BRITAIN'S HIGHEST HONOR! BUT EVEN MORE THE KING. *THE KING OF ENGLAND* .. SHOOK HIS HAND AND *THANKED* HIM!

HE WAS A NATIONAL IDOL NOW. THEIR *GREATEST ACE* HE WAS SENT ON TOUR TO RALLY HIS COUNTRYMEN TO THEIR GREATEST EFFORT

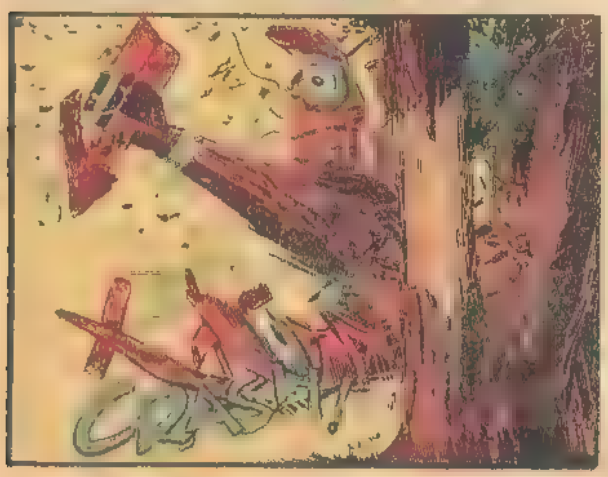
BUT FLYING WAS HIS BUSINESS. HE WAS GLAD WHEN ORDERS CAME THROUGH RETURNING HIM TO THE FIGHTING FRONT.

HE GOT A BRAND NEW SE 5A THE *VERY LATEST*. TO FLY BACK TO FRANCE! EN ROUTE, HIS ENGINE BEGAN TO ACT UP!

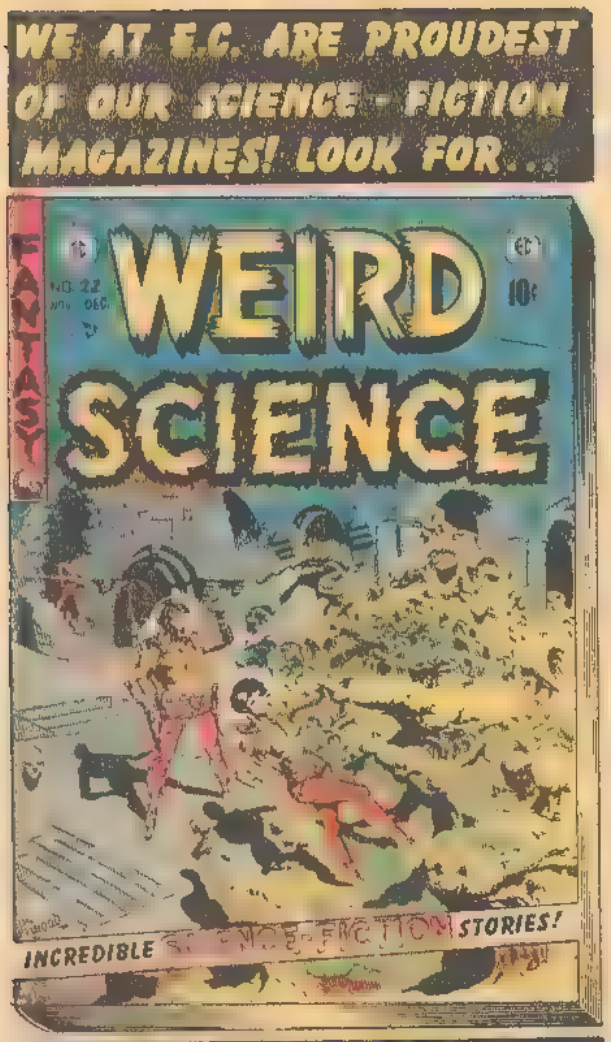
HE LANDED IN A FARMER'S FIELD A GOOD LANDING THEN, BECAUSE HE WAS A MECHANIC TOO HE MADE EMERGENCY REPAIRS

WHEN HE TRIED IT THE ENGINE RAN FINE! SATISFIED HE FED IT GAS. THE SE PICKED UP SPEED LIFTED. SUDDENLY COUGHED!

POWER FAILING TREES HURTLING UPON HIM LIKE A RUSHING GREEN FLOOD DESPERATELY HE TRIED TO TURN BACK! HE DON'T MAKE IT HE DON'T *QUITE* MAKE IT



SHOCKED AND UNBELIEVING, HIS COUNTRY GAVE JAMES THOMAS BYFORD McCUDDEN HIS LAST EARTHLY AWARD..
JULY 9, 1918 THE GLORY ROAD HAD ENDED!


WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...
WEIRD SCIENCE
FANTASY
10¢
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!
LOOK FOR THESE SEALS WHEN YOU BUY!
THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT... FOUND ONLY ON THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES
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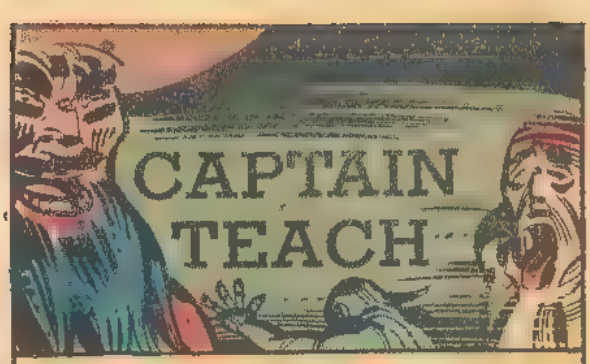
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR



Captain Teach, better known as Blackbeard the Pirate, was one of the strangest characters to sail the seven seas. Why did he go in for the elaborate make-up; the enormous three-pronged beard (so like that of Admiral von Tirpitz in cut!) braided at the ends and tied with red ribbon; the heavy, gold earrings; the slouch hat, ornamented with a row of slow matches stuck under the brim and projecting over his face; the bandoleer with five pistols stuck in it and the belt with the frieze of knives all the way round? I maintain that he went in for them because it was an almost physical necessity of existence. They gave him the ferocious appearance which was so valuable in his business. The pirates of his day were a lot of hard cases; like the racketeers of our own time they imagined a soft-spoken leader must be a weakling. Captain Vane and Stede Bonnet, two of the most successful and intelligent pirate leaders, were deposed and marooned by their crews simply for lack of the proper "pirate quality."

Blackbeard was a more satisfactory ideal. He claimed to be the only son of the Devil, and encouraged the idea by ordering his crew below from time to time, shutting down all the hatches and lighting fires of brimstone at various places in the hold of the ship. The first man to break out of the sulphurous reek was degraded to the post of scullion, and Blackbeard himself was always the last to leave the stinking ship. He was also in the habit of inviting members of his gang to dine with him, and, at least once in the course of a meal, of drawing two of the pistols from his bandoleer and firing them off under the table, with resultant damage to the collection of feet found there.

Now Blackbeard was either an extremely intelligent man or one of those intuitive geniuses who do the right thing by inspiration. The total result of all this foolishness was that he became the beau ideal of a pirate leader; up to the time Lieutenant Maynard brought him to book, his crew was constantly on the increase and he never once (unlike all other pirate captains) had a mutiny to deal with. In short, his eccentricity was just the right thing.

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FRONT LINES

It's more than unlikely . . . but just in case you HAVEN'T as yet heard the news, be advised that E.C. has formed a national fan organization. But before launching into the [illegible] but we would like to watch in a little bit more detail. We started out with two conditions that positively had to be met:

1) Our club would have to be a *different* kind of fan club . . . a continuously active club that would provide long-range interest, enjoyment and benefits for its members! And . . .

2) Our club would have to be a non-profit affair! Incredible as it may seem, the only profit that E.C. derives from the new stuff comes from the new stuff [illegible] We actually lose a little money on the annual membership, and primarily offer it as a service to our readers. If you readers want a fan club, we're more than happy to oblige but, again, as a *service, not for profit!*

So here's what we've come up with:

THE NAME: As one reader wrote a while back, E.C. magazine are hard forming. So what could be more logical than to call the organization THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB?

THE SETUP: The E.C. Fan Addict Club will be [illegible] parent organization [illegible] anyone who joins [illegible] will be assigned a charter number [illegible] and address of the elected [illegible] authorized chapter will be [illegible] all members, so that those who [illegible] only a member of a chapter [illegible] able to join the one nearest them if he/she wish-to.

WHAT YOU GET: Each member will receive a full-color 7½ by 10½ membership certificate, suitable for framing; a wallet-size membership identification card; a striking membership patch for sweaters, jackets, etc., and a very distinguished-looking membership pin!

4) *COST OF JOINING:* Membership in THE E.C. FAN ADDICT CLUB will set you back two [illegible] to represent the exact cost [illegible] a fraction of a cent of [illegible] and the above mentioned four items . . . *certificate, card, patch, and pin!* (The cost of Ruby's and Nancy's loving labor in packing and mailing is lovingly donated by E.C.)

5) POSSIBLE FUTURE PLANS: We are considering publishing an E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN, containing such features as national and local chapter news; advance inside information on new titles, future stories, and special issues, etc.; articles and stories submitted by members; and a "back-issue trading post!" *Only club members would be eligible to subscribe, with the price and frequency of publication yet to be decided upon.*

We are also considering some sort of E.C. Surprise of the Month plan for members. What the surprises might be, and what we might have to clip you for THIS one, is also as yet undetermined.

6) IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED: For an individual membership, send 25c, along with your clearly printed name and address, to:

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

If five or more of you wish to join as an *authorized chapter*, enclose each member's name and address along with 25c for each name, and indicate the name of the elected president. We will notify each president of his chapter's *charter number* but each chapter member will receive his membership credentials etc. *individually*.

So there it is! Meet new friends. Make new enemies. See the world. Spend money. Join THE E.C. FAN ADDICT CLUB!!

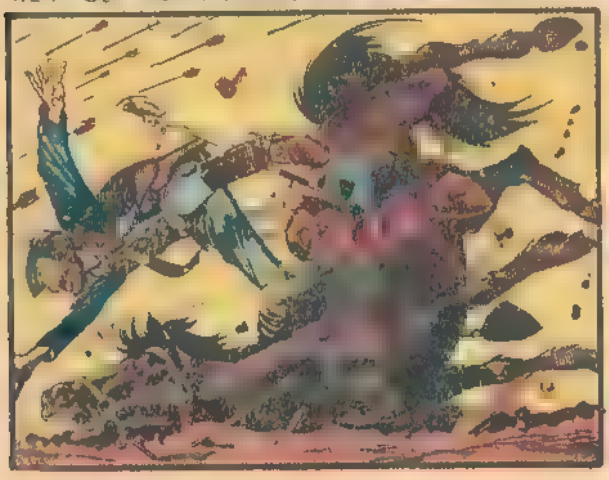
Finally, a note that might interest you readers. In this issue, all the stories have been WRITTEN as well as drawn by the ARTISTS. As suggested previously, we've been trying various schemes to take some of the work off the shoulders of "slowly-but-surely-recovering" writer-editor Harvey Kurtzman. We think you'll like the stories in this issue, and as always, we welcome your comments!—William M. Gaines, Managing Editor.

(In honor of the occasion, the announcement re the E.C. FAN ADDICT CLUB, we will forego the usual subscription plug that 6 issues of this or any other E.C. mag. cost 75c —ed.)

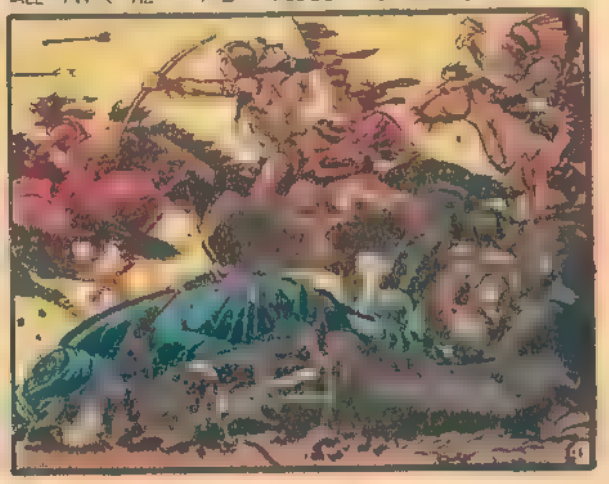
OL' COLONEL TOM CUSTER HAD US SCOUTIN' OUT ALONG THE ROSEBUD RIVER LOOKIN' FOR THEM MANGY SIOUX!.. THEY WERE MOVIN' BACK INTO THE BLACK HILLS.. 'CAUSE THEY KNEW WE'D KILL 'EM WITH ONE BIG BLOW!... THIS HERE'LL BE AN EASY CAMPAIGN' I LAUGH AT THE.

VENGEFUL SIOUX

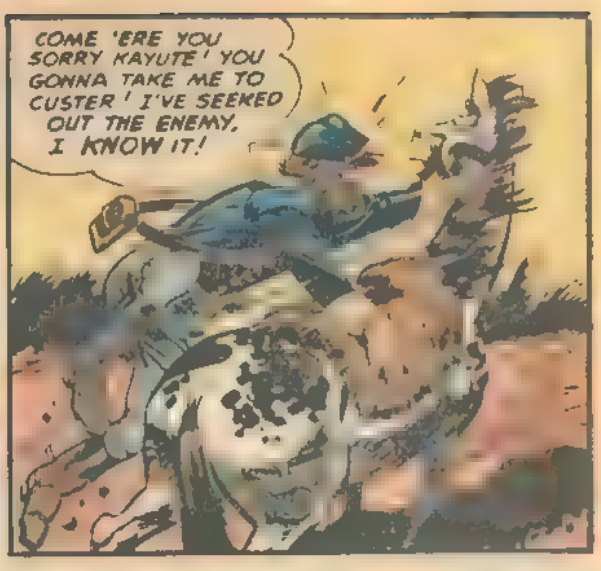
. BUT ***LAW!*** DO I ***MISS-JEDGE!*** THEY CAME DOWN ON US LIKE RAIN! FIRST THING I KNEW, MY HOSS WENT OUT FROM UNDER ME I HIT HARD



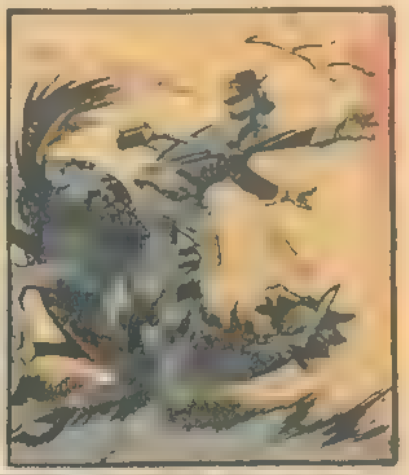
SO HARD MY BREATH LEFT ME GOOD THING TOO... CAUSE MAN, I SURE PLAYED DEAD! FEAR RAN ALL TWIX ME THEY KILLED THE REST.



I PRAYED LIKE A HUNDRED OL' DEACONS THAT THEM VARMINTS WOULD PASS ME BY! BUT LAWD! ONE OF 'EM CAME TO A BLOODY HALT! HE HAD HIS EYE FIXED ON ME I KNEW IT FOR SURE!
YEP HERE HE CAME! I COULD HEAR HIS SOFT SHOES JEST A PUSSY-FOOTIN' TOWARDS ME! WHAT'D HE WANT WITH ME? I'M DEAD! MAYBE HE WANTS MY SCALP! A-MEN!
HE'S ROLLIN ME OVER AN LOOKIN' LIKE HE'D NEVER SEEN A U.S. CAVALRY SOLDIER BEFORE!
SEEMS LIKE HE'S TAKIN A LIKIN TO MY OL' HAT! MAYBE HE'S TIRED O THAT WAR BONNET!
THAT HAT HAS BEEN THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR WITH ME AN I SHO' HATES TO GIVE HER UP!
MY LAWD! HE'S TAKEN MY SWORD OUT AN LOOKIN' LIKE HE MIGHT USE IT ON MY SCALP!..I'LL SURE BE DEAD IF I DON'T STOP THAT CRITTER RIGHT..
...NOW!

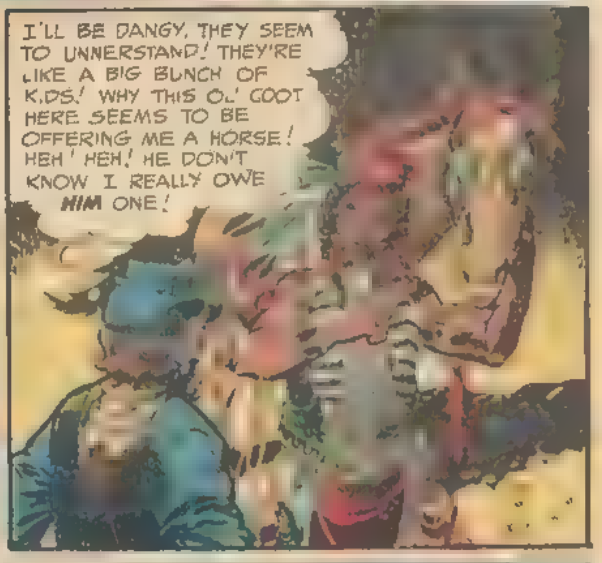


I STARTED OFF GOOD TOO!
TOWARD NOON SHE SLOWED DOWN A BIT... BUT I GAVE IT TO 'ER... AN' WE RID ON!
'BOUT DUSK, SHE QUIVERED AND PANTED HER LAST PACIN' BREATH!... SHE'D FAGGED OUT!



HOT DANG! I SEE YA! THERE YA ARE! I MADE IT BACK! NO INJUN COULD STOP ME! HERE I AM! IT'S ME COME BACK FROM TH' WILDS!
I KILLED FIFTY OF THOSE INJUNS MYSELF 'FORE I GOT BACK! CUSTER, BE PROUD OF ME! TE EM I'M BACK UNI ME OFF A BUGLE
I'VE FOUND WHERE THE ENEMY IS!... THEY SETTIN' LIKE DUCKS ALL UP ALONG THE LITTLE HORN!... WE'LL KILL 'EM ALL WITH ONE BIG BLOW! IT'S ME! I'VE COME BACK!
YA HEAR ME? IT'S ME, BACK FROM SCOUTIN' OUT THEM STINKIN' SIOUX! I AIN'T A FEARED OF THE HOL' CABOOTLE OF 'EM! DO SUMPIN', MAN! DO SUMPIN'!
4

FRIENDS!
BLESS YO HEARTS! PEACE BROTHERS! I AIN'T NO FIGHTIN' MAN!... YOU INJUNS ARE MY BUZZUM FRENS! LET'S ALL BE NEIGHBORLY-LIKE! PEACE TO US ALL!


I'LL BE DANGY, THEY SEEM TO UNNERSTAND! THEY'RE LIKE A BIG BUNCH OF K.DS! WHY THIS OL' COOT HERE SEEMS TO BE OFFERING ME A HORSE! HEH! HEH! HE DON'T KNOW I REALLY OWE HIM ONE!

BY GEORGE! I THINK HE WANTS ME TO STAY OVER AN' REST UP IN THAT OL' TEPEE UP YONDER!
THANKS

SO LONG, YOU SUCKERS! I'LL BE BACK WITH COLONEL CUSTER AN' GIVE YOU ALL SOME HOT HOSPITALITY!

WELL, OL' FLEA BAG... I COULD TAKE OFF RIGHT NOW.. BUT WHY SHOULD I! THIS IS GONNA BE A GREAT STORY FER THE BOYS BACK IN CAMP!
CAN YA IMAGINE! ME BEIN' TREATED LIKE THIS! THEY MUST KNOW I'M A BIG MAN AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS SETCH! OH WHUT A DOG I AM!
THEY'LL GIVE ME A BIG MEDAL I KNOW! MAYBE GO WITH CUSTER TO WASHINGTON WHEN THEY MAKE HIM PRESIDENT! WHUT A LIFE!
I COULD A BEEN KILLED... BUT MAN I STILL GOT MY PRETTY HAIR AN' MY OL' CAVALRY HAT!
GUESS IT'S TIME I SHET UP! GOTTA TAKE ME ONE LONG PEACEFUL SLEEP!

BEFORE CPL. BRIAN O' DEVLIN AND CPL. LACHLAN MacLEAN CAME OUT TO THE AFGHAN BORDER, THE SUN FOUGHT THE EARTH, AND WILD PATHAN PLAYED 'CAT N' BANJO' WITH THE BRITISH! THEN IRISH TROOPER AND SCOTTISH SOLDIER CLASHED... AND SGT. MORAIG TURRIDY WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF...

BELTS N' CELTS!

*SURE, THE DAMES OF FRANCE ARE FOND AN FREE AN' FLEMISH LIPS BE A-WILLIN'! ♫ OH, SOFT BE THE MAIDS OF ITALY... ♫ WHILE SPANISH EYES ARE THRILLIN'...

CUH LISTEN T THOSE BRASH SOLE WET FOOTS OF A CHIEFLESS CLAN! THE IRISH DISCLAIM BEING PART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE... YET PRESUME T BE THE ONLY FIGHTERS IN THE BRITISH ARMY!

JP SEVERIN

*SUNG TO THE TUNE OF: "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." -- EDITOR

♫ STILL THOUGH OI BASK BENEATH THEIR SMILE, THEIR CHARMS QUITE FAIL T' BIND ME... ♫

...SO, OI SEZ T' FATHER VINCENT, 'TIS SORRY OI AM THAT ME DOG WALKS INTA CHAPEL 'MIDST YER SERMON, FATHER! T'WOULD BE MOCKERY TO CALL HIM RELIJUS... BUT HE'S NO BLOOMIN' HEATHEN AITHER! ...BEIN' BORN ON JULY 25... FEAST OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER...

...AND ME HEART FALLS BACK T'ERIN'S ISLE.. ♫ ♫ T' THE GIRL OI LEFT BEHIN'T ME! ♫

CHRISTOPHER'S HIS NAME, SEZ OI...LIKE THE PATRON SAINT OF TRAVELLERS! AN' HE BE A WELL-TRAVELLED DOG, WHAT WITH HIS POOR MOTHER LYIN' IN THE SHADE OF A POWDER-SHACK 'FORE HE WAS BOR-RUN! SHACK UP AN' AXPLODED ONE DAY... HIS MOTHER DEPARTED SKY-UP, SHE DID...AN' OI FOUND HIS NIBS IN THE SMOKIN' RUINS!

O WILT THOU GO WI' ME, SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR? WILT THOU GO WI' ME
ME MIND HER FORM SHALL RETAIN IN SLEEPING OR IN WAKING
...SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR? WILT THOU RIDE A HORSE, OR BE DRAWN IN A CAR...
...OR WALK BY MY SIDE, O SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR!
SUBJECTS
ALLIES
WHICH WE BE!... WITH YER EAR-
THERE'S NAUGHT IN THE ... ARTICLES THAT SAYS ... THE EXCLUSIVE ... OF IRISH HEN-ROOST ROBBING RABBLE! ... SENT YE REBELS OUT HERE WHERE YE COULDN'T ... SECRET ... AND CONSPIRACIES AGAINST HER...
NUISANCE
LAUGHING STOCK
A CURSE
COME OUT FROM BEH ND THIM CARP'-RILL SHTRIPES FER A BIT, YE BOILED SHEEPS HEAD... AN WHILE ME FISTS 'S DISCOMMODIN' YER SYSTEM, YE'LL BE SINGIN THE PRAISES OF COUNTY GALWAY AND CALLIN' LOCH LOMOND A FOUL PUDDLE AS COMPARED WITH TH' FAIR FLOWIN' RIVER SHANNON' OI'LL TEACH YEZ TH SONG O' BELT N' BUCKLE!
2

BELTS! BELTS! BELTS!
BELTS!
'TIS SAID, CEASE NOT RAGE WHILE RAGE IS IN ITS FORCE...
LET IT WASTE!"
TWEEEEEE!!

ANY BRUISES, TUBRIDY? YOU COULD HAVE USED ARMOR IN THIS BRAWL!
O'M FOINE, SIR! TH' BEST ARMOR IS T' KEEP OUT O' GUNSHOT, CAPTAIN FARRAR! THESE BIYS WERE POSSESSED WITH A BIT O' THE DIVIL... 'TIS TH' CLIMATE O' THIS MELANCOLIOUS COUNTRY, SIR!

THERE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY TOO MUCH VEHEMENCE... BITTER RIVALRY... BETWEEN THE GALWAY RIFLES AND THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, SERGEANT! WE SHALL ENFORCE A TEMPORARY SEPARATION OF THE TWO!

THE HIGHLANDERS WILL MARCH IMMEDIATELY FOR WAR MANEUVERS AT GOKRALA PLAINS, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASS! I SHALL ACCOMPANY THEM! MEANWHILE, THE GALWAYS WILL DO A SPECIAL DUTY HERE AT THE GARRISON... UNDER YOUR SUPERVISION!
VERY GOOD, SIR!

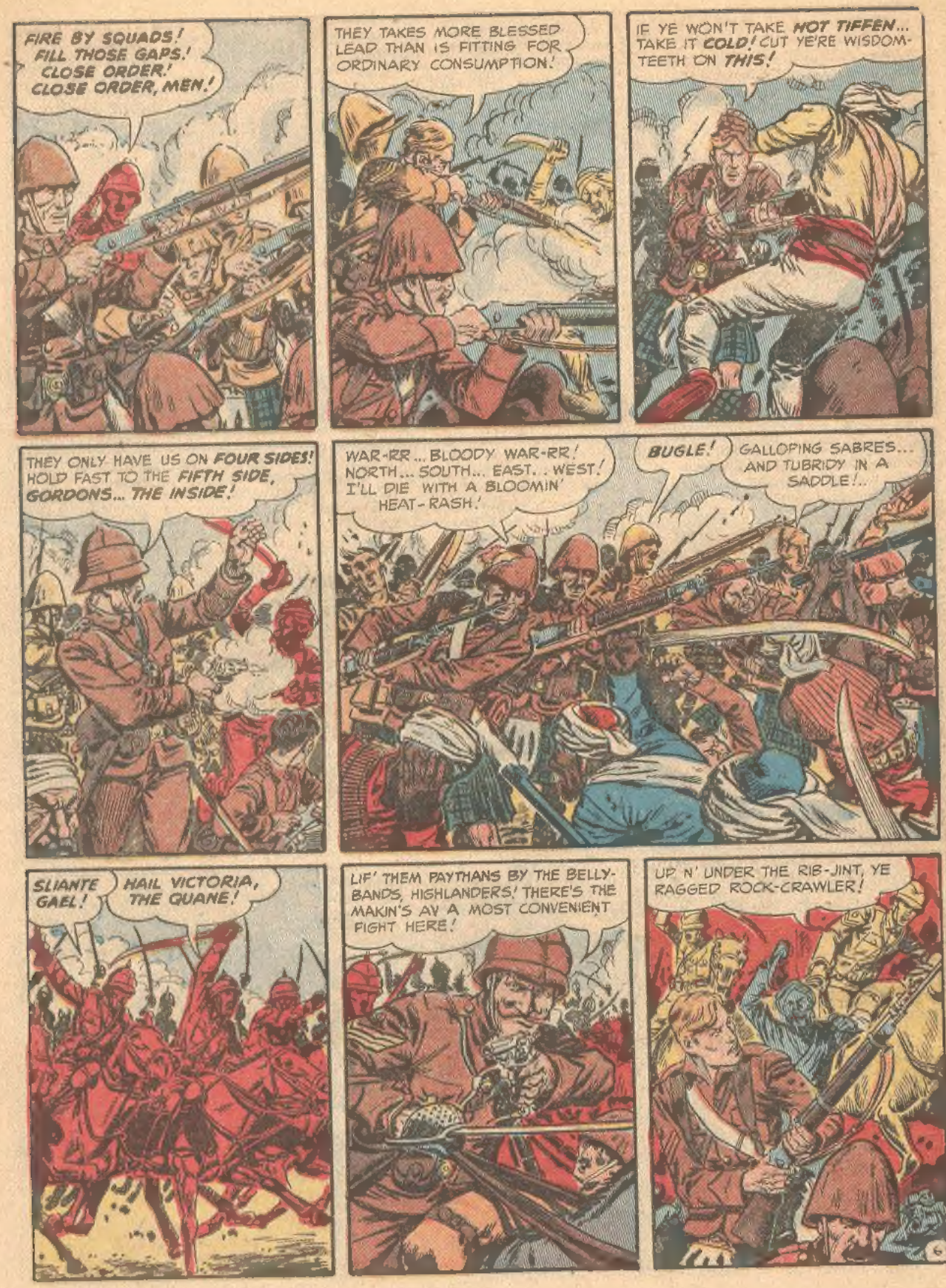
SOUNDS LIKE TH' SQUEEZIN' O' A BANSHEE'S LUNGS! MUSIC... IS IT?
SPECIAL DOOTY HE SEZ! HAH!
ME THAT WAS BORN T' TH' SADDLE... DIGGIN' DRAINAGE DITCHES!
TRA-WEE-WA-WA-WA-TWEE-WA-WA!

A SCORCHING DAY'S MARCH... AND TWO DAYS OF MANEUVERS LATER! FROSTY NIGHT FALLS ON TENTS NEAR GOKRALA PASS...

SUDDENLY, A FEW OF THE OUTLYING TENTS COLLAPSE AS TENT PINS ARE PULLED OR TENT ROPES ARE SLASHED...

SULLEN SUNRISE DOES NOT WAKE HIGHLANDERS SLEEPING UNDER KNIFE-RIPPED CANVAS...NOR DOES THE RAUCOUS BUGLE!

SEVEN GOOD MEN MURDERED WITHOUT AN OUTCRY! THE PAYTHANS HAVE LEFT THEIR BLOODY CALLING CARDS... AND CHALLENGE! WHEN THEY ATTACK, WE'LL MEET THEM ON OPEN GROUND... SO THEY CAN'T BOTTLE US IN THE PASS!
THE FANATIC AFGHANS HAVE NEVER BROKEN THE BRITISH SQUARE, LEFTENANT!
YES, SIRRR!
HIGHLANDERS! FORM SQUARE! DOUBLE RANKS!
AMMUNITION, MULES AND SUPPLIES... INSIDE SQUARE! QUICK TIME!
THE HIGHLANDER HAS SEEN HIS DEAD! THOSE GRINNING DEVILS OF THE NIGHT WILL BE SMILING IN SECTIONS ERE THIS DAY IS OUT!
THIS BEASTIE HAS THE DISPOSITION OF THAT GALWAY CORPORAL BACK AT THE FORT!
I'LL PIPE HIM INTO PLACE FOR YE!
SHOTS! OCH! WILL YE LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE BLOOMIN' SCARE-CROWS!
FRONT RANK... PRE-SENT FIRE!
REAR RANK... PRE-SENT FIRE-RR!
5


FIRE BY SQUADS! FILL THOSE GAPS! CLOSE ORDER! CLOSE ORDER, MEN!
THEY TAKES MORE BLESSED LEAD THAN IS FITTING FOR ORDINARY CONSUMPTION!
IF YE WON'T TAKE HOT TIFFEN... TAKE IT COLD! CUT YE'RE WISDOM-TEETH ON THIS!
THEY ONLY HAVE US ON FOUR SIDES! HOLD FAST TO THE FIFTH SIDE, GORDONS... THE INSIDE!
WAR-RR... BLOODY WAR-RR! NORTH... SOUTH... EAST.. WEST! I'LL DIE WITH A BLOOMIN' HEAT-RASH!
BUGLE!
GALLOPING SABRES... AND TUBRIDY IN A SADDLE!..
SLIANTE GAEL!
HAIL VICTORIA, THE QUANE!
LIF' THEM PAYTHANS BY THE BELLY-BANDS, HIGHLANDERS! THERE'S THE MAKIN'S AV A MOST CONVENIENT FIGHT HERE!
UP N' UNDER THE RIB-JINT, YE RAGGED ROCK-CRAWLER!
6

COME TO BID YE TH' TOP O' TH' MORNIN' CARPRILL MACLEAN.'
TOOK YOUR TIME, IRISH SCUTT.' COME BY WAY OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN?
YER PLAN SURE TAMED THIM FRISKY GALWAYS, SIR! THEY SPADED AND DUG SO FEROSHUS, OI FEARED THEY'D BURY THE WHOLE FORT... BASTIONS AND PARAPITS!
WHEN OI TOLD THIM THEY WAS T'JOIN THE HIGHLANDERS HERE, THEY WAS KEEN T'MOUNT UP AN' RIDE OUT AFTER THEIR HONOR AN' SILF-RESPECT!
THEY SAVED THE COMPANY, PADRAIG, THESE 'WAR GAMES' TURNED OUT TO BE A BIT REALISTIC!
BEGGING YER PARDON, SIRS! CARPRILL MACLEAN HAS TAKEN SLUG O' HAMMERED TELEGRAPH WIRE IN HIS ARM! JAGGED WOUND... POSSIBLE INFECTION! I THOUGHT...
WE'LL GIVE YOUR FRIEND IMMEDIATE MEDICAL ATTENTION, CORPORAL!
OI'M WILLIN' T'BUY YEZ A DRINK, CARPRILL... PERVIDIN' IT'S OIRISH WHISKEY!
COME ON, MON, I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK OF SCOTCH WHISKEY... FOR-R AULD LANG SYNE!
MUST OI CONVINCE YEZ ON TH' MERITS OF OIRISH WHISKEY, CARPRILL MACLEAN?
YE WOULDN'T ASSAULT A MON WI' A TRUSSED-UP ARM? LET'S WAIT FOR THE SERGEANT TO DECIDE... HE BEING A MON OF RARE TASTE!
AH! FWAT BE YE DRINKIN', SERGEANT?
OI FEEL LIKE TIPPLIN' A GENTLEMAN'S DRINK T'DAY... ELDERBERRY WINE WITH A DASH O' NUTMEG!
ME MIND HER FORM SHALL STILL RETAIN... IN SLEEPIN' OR IN' WAKIN'... UNTIL OI SEE ME LOVE AGAIN FOR WHOM ME HEART IS BREAKIN.'
IF EVER OI SHOULD SEE THE DAY WHEN MARS SHALL HAVE RESIGNED ME... FOREVER MORE OI'LL GLADLY STAY... WITH TH' GIRL OI LEFT BEHINT ME!
7